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## THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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### A PASTORAL.

The following poem by A. J. Munby, a hitherto unknown English poet, is one of the most beautiful things we have seen in years. It is not only exquisitely sweet, natural and easy in its flow, but it is a marvel in the way of versification. Observe the wonderfully ingenious manner in which certain words of the first stanza are made to rhyme with the corresponding words in the second, and so on with the third and fourth, &c.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;  
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;  
I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,  
And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap enclosed  
Wild summer roses of faint perfume,  
The while I wooed her, kept hushed and harkened,  
Till shades had darkened from gloom to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;  
She said, "My lover, we must not stay;  
My flock is in danger, my sheep will wander;  
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,  
And still be near you, and still adore!  
No wolf nor stranger will touch one darling—  
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow  
Beyond to-morrow if I lose to-day;  
My flock is in danger, my flock will wander;  
I shall be lonely and sent away!"

Said I, replying, "If they do miss you,  
They ought to kiss you when you get home;  
And will be rewarded by friend and neighbor  
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,  
"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild;  
But if they love me, it's none so ferocious—  
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,  
And love did win me to swift reply;  
"Ah! do you prove me, and none shall bind you,  
Nor stay nor let you, until I die!"

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,  
As if debating in dreams divine;  
But I did brave them, I told her plainly  
She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley  
Did roam and rally her nibbling ewe;  
And homeward drove them, we two together,  
Through blossoming heather and gleaming dew.

That simple day from grace did blend her,  
My Doris tender, my Doris true;  
That I, her warrior, did always bless her,  
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling  
With low cooing and undisturbed;  
And low doth guard her, both fast and fervent,  
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

### How I Began Life.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings—and there heard "words which burn," which fired his soul and determined his course in life.

My running away from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook. Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it was with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends.

But the time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame. Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetuated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at the time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was, I know not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quickly or

with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—

"Ye need na hand sae gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa'! I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly carrying Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort; and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form and felt the presence of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more acceasing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the enervation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than usually attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated, in short, everything, but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and heightened expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now a governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation and was continually reminded, by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am neither talkative nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in the intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the reasons which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that my own travels were owing to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words, ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by quite a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital, became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:—

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumb-founded.

Thate, and so do you reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married—Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style:—

"Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken yer old friends?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to old friends.

Different men "start in life" in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record, of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

A WARLIKE WORLD.—The *Opinion* Nationale of a recent date, gives this dismal picture of the present belligerent condition of the world.

"If there be a dead calm in politics as well as business amongst us, it is not the same in all parts of the little planet we inhabit. Three-quarters of humanity, in fact, are living in the barbarous state of war.

There is war in Poland.  
War in Algeria.  
War in Tunis.  
War in Mexico.  
War in the United States.  
War in Peru.  
War in New Zealand.  
War in China and Kachgar.  
War in Japan.  
War in Afghanistan.  
War in twenty countries in Africa.

This is, unfortunately, enough to discourage the friends of universal peace, and who can say they will not meet still greater disappointments next year? Italy, Hungary, Denmark, and the Slavonian population of Turkey, are not, it must be confessed, in the most pacific humor; and to those who study the general situation of our continent, it is quite evident that the general situation, instead of getting better, goes on from day to day getting more and more complicated."

POLITICAL.—Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, has written a characteristic letter to Gen. Cass, from which we take the subjoined extract:—

"I have no attachment to either of the candidates, nor any antipathies against them to move me a hair either way; and I am so filled with disgust at the mean selfishness, the prevailing littleness and downright knavery of political parties that were there no question beyond those of ordinary moment, I would not cross the street to turn the scale for or against either. But I regard the present struggle as vital and essential to national honor—yes, existence. It seems Baltimore and Chicago have framed issues for us, and Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan are and must be the representatives respectively, of these great antagonisms, and that as a people we must stand or fall by the result. However much Mr. Lincoln may pretend to be peace or Gen. McClellan to be war before election, we all know good faith and common honesty will force the one elected to carry out in his administration the doctrines laid down by the convention which placed him in nomination. Should Gen. McClellan be elected, all will, in my judgment, be lost. The patriotic self sustaining, reliant feeling of the Union men will be overthrown and crushed out; rebellion will be rampant and intoxicated with success; the worst elements that the loyal States can produce will be in market for Southern purchase, and foreign interference will come with all its hypocritical insolence, and under the pretence of staying the effusion of blood, will secretly destroy us. I hope you will concur in my idea that it is the duty of every patriot, and of none more so than the Democrats of the Jackson school, to espouse warmly the union side. And I hope you will let your voice be known at an early day. I am sure they will exert a powerful and healthy influence upon the public mind."

In his argument in New York recently, in the "Express" trial, Mr. McKean, counsel for the Brooks Brothers, said that his clients were men of character. "He took it for granted that

when men had been in business in this city for thirty years without getting into the State Prison, they must be men of character." The remark is not very complimentary to New York, but then it comes from a New Yorker who knows.

### The Murder of Mr. Elinus J. Morrison.

We put upon record in this number of the *Vermont Transcript* the notice of the death of Mr. Elinus J. Morrison, which was printed in the *Manchester, (N. H.) Weekly Mirror and Journal of Agriculture*. This indicates the estimation in which Mr. Morrison was held by his friends and neighbors where he resided. And it will be read with interest by a large circle of acquaintances in Northern Vermont. Following this notice will be found the application of the Selectmen of St. Albans to Mr. Justice Gilman for an inquest upon the dead body of Mr. Morrison, the testimony in full of Miss Adaliza Blakely, and Messrs Myron F. Wilson and E. D. Fuller. Also the minutes of the post mortem examination made by Doctors Branch, Woodward, Day and Stevens, together with the finding and report of the Justice. To all of these matters will attach permanent interest, and we, therefore, make no apology for the space they occupy in the *TRANSCRIPT*.

FROM THE MANCHESTER MIRROR.

"We are pained to announce the death of E. J. Morrison, Esq., of this city. He died at St. Albans, Friday morning, Oct. 21, from a wound inflicted by one of the raiders, Wednesday, Oct. 19. He was walking along on the street towards where the excitement was in St. Albans to learn the cause, when he was shot by a pistol ball. His left hand was in his pantaloons pocket, and the ball passed through his hand, and the front part of his bowels, and into his groin where it caused intense suffering. From the first his physician saw no hopes of his recovery. The news of the fatal wound caused men to weep that seldom shed a tear. Mr. Morrison was an extraordinary man. Strong-minded, enterprising, resolute, undaunted by disappointment, generous, warm-hearted and broad-hearted, he had numerous friends here and in other cities where he had lived that rejoiced in his presence and loved him as a brother. He was brother of Hon. George W. Morrison. He was well known as a contractor, and was at one time engaged in building railroads West, and latterly had done much building for the Vermont Central road, and for parties at St. Albans. He was about 46 years of age.

He leaves a wife and five children, almost disconsolate and broken-hearted, to mourn a husband and father who made home his chief thought and supreme joy.

As his nearest neighbor and one of his best friends, we deeply feel the bereavement and sympathize with the sorrow-stricken family. His body arrived here to day, Oct. 22d. The funeral will be from his house this Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and funeral services will be held at Music Hall, to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock.

SELECTMEN'S ORDER.

To Leonard Gilman, Esq., Justice of the Peace, St. Albans.

We, the Selectmen of the Town of St. Albans in the County of Franklin and State of Vermont, having been informed that the dead body of one Elinus J. Morrison of said St. Albans, is now lying in the said town of St. Albans, supposed to have died by violence, by being shot with a pistol in the hands of some person who fired off said pistol in and upon the body of said Morrison, at the time of firing said pistol in full life.

We do, therefore, in our opinion decide that the public good requires that a justice of the peace of said Franklin County should enquire into the cause and manner of the death of the said Elinus J. Morrison.

Dated at St. Albans this 21st day of October, A. D. 1864.

BRADLEY BARLOW, } Select-  
JOSEPH D. SOULE, } men.  
FREDERICK E. BELL, }

Upon receiving this official application immediate action was taken by the Justice, and after issuing the requisite subpoenas, Justice Gilman proceeded to take the testimony of eye-witnesses of the killing of Mr. Morrison, which we here produce.

MISS BLAKELY'S AFFIDAVIT.

I Adaliza Blakely, aged 17 years, of St. Albans, in the County of Franklin, State of Vermont, testify and say that I am a seamstress in the shop of Miss Beattie, situate on the east side of Main street in this village. I was standing on the outside, on the steps of the shop, by the north window of the shop, and I saw Mr. Elinus J. Mor-

son standing near the south end of the shop, about ten or twelve feet from me. While Morrison and I were standing at the points above mentioned, there were several men on horseback on said street, armed with pistols. At that time I heard the report of a pistol or some firearms. I then immediately turned and looked in the direction from which the report came, and saw a man armed with two pistols, standing by his horse, and about 10 or 12 feet from where Mr. Morrison and I stood. Immediately after the report I saw said Morrison crouching down with both his hands pressing on his left side and abdomen. I saw this man with the pistols above mentioned, fire twice before Morrison was wounded. I saw this same armed man during the forenoon of the same day that said Morrison was shot, sitting on the steps of the Tremont House, nearly opposite the shop.

What I have stated above occurred during the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1864.

Sworn to, October 21, 1864, before me, LEONARD GILMAN, Justice of the Peace.

MR. WILSON'S AFFIDAVIT.

Myron F. Wilson, of St. Albans, Franklin County, Vermont, aged 45 years, depose, testify and say, that on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, between 3 and 4 P. M., I was in the centre room of the *Messenger* office, situate on the east side of Main street, in the village of St. Albans. My boy was in the front room with Mr. Dorothy and hollows to me, saying "there are horse thieves in the street." I went to the window overlooking Main street, saw a band of men opposite the office and on either side of it, some on horseback, some on foot engaged in unhitching horses attached to vehicles and fastened at the posts on the street. There appeared to be fifteen or twenty men armed with revolvers or pistols from twelve to fifteen inches long. I immediately went down out of the office and on to the street, and stood at the foot of the steps that lead into the office at the north-west corner of the building. Mr. William Fuller's saddlery shop and livery stable is on the west side of Main street, and about 30 feet south of directly opposite where I stood. I remained there about a minute and then I went to the next building adjoining on the south side, perhaps 15 or 20 feet to see what was going on.

After arriving at the point before spoken of, I saw upon said Main street Mr. Joseph Moss, standing within three or four feet of me, with two or three of his workmen and some others that I did not recognize at that time. Said Mr. Moss was then talking with a man on a horse, armed with a pistol in his hand, who ordered said Moss to go into the building in front of which I was standing. The man on the horse said "Do you go back into the building and you are all right, you don't know what's going on in this country. Remember Sherman!" There were three or four other horsemen near by, within a rod or two, who were upon horses and facing Moss at that time. After the above order was given to said Moss, they, the horsemen, started south and went from ten to fifteen rods, and then returned north to nearly opposite said Fuller's shop. After they had returned to the point above mentioned, the said horsemen stopped. After they stopped I saw Mr. Elinus J. Morrison, on the steps of Miss Beattie's millinery shop, about eight feet from me. I then saw one of the horsemen aim a pistol and fire a shot which took effect in the body of said Morrison. Said Morrison after the pistol shot struck him came off the steps and leaned against the corner of the building, in a crouching position. I said to him "Are you hurt?" I saw the blood running from one of his hands. Said he "yes, he or they have shot me through the body." I immediately put my arms about him to sustain him, and asked Mr. E. D. Fuller to aid me in getting him into the drug store of L. L. Dutcher & Son which we did. We put him upon a bed in the back room of the drug store. Mr. Fuller and I undressed him to ascertain where the wound was. We found the wound a little above and anterior to the upper part of the left hip bone, and apparently penetrating into the abdomen.

Sworn to before me this 21st day of October, 1864.

LEONARD GILMAN, Justice of the Peace.

MR. FULLER'S AFFIDAVIT.

I Erasmus D. Fuller, aged 30 years, of St. Albans, in Franklin County, State of Vermont, depose and say that I keep a livery stable, situate on the west side of Main street in St. Albans. During the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1864, between the hours of 3 and 4 P. M., I

was passing south on the east side of Main street, and a band of men on horseback, armed with pistols, coming north on said Main street. I heard and saw said horsemen firing pistols. I saw armed men taking horses that were hitched in front of the stores and leading and riding horses from my stable on the opposite side of said Main street. I saw Elinus J. Morrison, standing in front of Miss Beattie's millinery shop. I stood within five or six feet of said Morrison, a little north-west of him, near a large elm tree, I saw one of the horsemen point a pistol towards myself and said Morrison and fire three times. Directly after this firing I heard said Morrison exclaim "he or they have shot me through the body." I turned and saw said Morrison lean against the corner of the millinery shop in a crouching position. I hastened to his side and assisted in taking him to the drug store of L. L. Dutcher & Son, and in placing him on the bed in the back room. I assisted in undressing said Morrison to find the wound. I saw a wound a little above and anterior to the left hip bone, and apparently penetrating the abdomen. The wound was then bleeding. I left said Morrison there.

Sworn to this 21st day of October, 1864, before me LEONARD GILMAN, Justice of the Peace.

MINUTES of post mortem examination made of the body of Elinus J. Morrison, Friday, 2 o'clock P. M., Oct. 21st, A. D. 1864. Present, Drs. John Branch, R. C. M. Woodward, S. R. Day and J. F. Stevens. Six hours after death.

External appearances:—Rigor mortis in moderate degree. Abdomen moderately distended. Blood oozing from nostrils on moving the body.

A wound, apparently a bullet wound, through the left hand, entering the upper and dorsal portion between the second and third metacarpal bones, and making its exit between the lower and palmar portion of the same bones. Introduced a bullet probe into the wound which gave the direction indicated.

Another wound in the left umbilical region six and one fourth inches from the center of umbilicus to centre of said wound, and three and one half inches from the left anterior, superior spinous process of the left ilium to the centre of said wound. Diameter of said wound one half to three-fourths of an inch of oval form. Circumference of body at point of wound, thirty-six inches.

Proceeded to make incision from ensiform cartilage to the pubis, and transversely one and one half inch above the umbilicus and down on each side of the abdomen, in order to expose its cavity.

On laying open the cavity of the abdomen, about six ounces of serum escaped. The peritoneal covering of the walls of the abdomen and of the intestines, presented evidences of recent inflammation. A quantity of coagulable lymph thrown out, united the small intestines to a considerable extent. Applied ligatures around the duodenum near the pylorus and upon the rectum and removed the included portions of the intestines.

Found a leaden Navy revolver bullet lying immediately internal to the point of the last floating rib of the right side, and within the cavity of the abdomen.

Examination of the removed portion of the intestines.

Found a bullet wound through the descending portion of the colon and also a number of perforations through the convolutions of the smaller intestines. And we severally declare that in our opinion the wounds hereinbefore described, were the cause and only cause of the death of the said Elinus J. Morrison.

JOHN BRANCH, M. D.  
R. C. M. WOODWARD, M. D.  
S. R. DAY, M. D.  
J. F. STEVENS, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to this 21st of Oct. 1864. Before me L. GILMAN, Justice of the Peace.

JUSTICE GILMAN'S REPORT.

To the County Court for the County of Franklin.

STATE OF VERMONT, }  
FRANKLIN COUNTY, ss }

By the authority of the select men of the town of St. Albans, the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace within and for said County of Franklin, was directed to hold an inquest on the body of Elinus J. Morrison, Esq., who was then lying dead in the American Hotel at said St. Albans. I then, on the 21st day of October, 1864, summoned a board consisting of four surgeons, namely, Dr. John Branch, Dr. R. C. M. Woodward, Dr. S. R. Day, and Dr. Hiram F. Stevens, and such witnesses as could be found who were supposed to have any knowledge of the manner

of his, the said Morrison's, death, and the following witnesses were duly sworn: Myron F. Wilson, Erasmus D. Fuller, and Miss Adaliza Blakely.

After a careful investigation and consideration of the testimony of the said witnesses, and the report of the board of surgeons, I hereby report to said County Court that I am fully satisfied and believe that the said Elinus J. Morrison received a wound which caused his death, from a pistol fired by one of a gang of armed robbers in St. Albans village, on the 19th day of Oct., 1864, while the said Elinus J. Morrison was quietly standing still or walking upon the sidewalk in said village of St. Albans.

And in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided I herewith return a copy of the affidavits so taken by me as aforesaid, and a copy of the report of the board of surgeons to me made, to the Franklin County Court.

In testimony whereof I hereunto sign my name this 21st day of Oct., A. D., 1864.

LEONARD GILMAN, Justice of the Peace.

### Anecdote of Webster.

The following anecdote of the great statesman, just related to us by a friend, we believe, has never been in print; and as it is illustrative of a trait in his character, we give it as it was told to us.

Daniel, with gun in hand, and pouch and horn slung across a seedy hunting coat, was out on the marshes of Marshfield, enjoying "a day's shootin'," when he espied several sailors on the flats, in the vain endeavor to shove off a boat which had been left high and dry by the receding tide, and which belonged to a schooner anchored a few cables' length from the shore. They were about to give up their task as fruitless, and wait for the flowing in of the tide, when the athletic looking form of Mr. Webster hove in sight, his rusty attire and slouched hat giving him rather an uncouth appearance for one in his position.

"Hellow old chap, ahoy!" cried the skipper, hailing the unknown; "bear a hand here will ye, and help us get the boat afloat."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Daniel, in a deep gruff voice; and he laid down his gun on a dry spot, and into the mud he went to lend a hand to the boatmen.

"Now," continued the statesman, "let's have a long push, a strong push, and a push altogether, and we may succeed. Yo, heave, yee!"

With these words they shoved most lustily—the boat started, and by a few efforts, the craft was soon afloat.

"Thank ye, thank ye sir," said the skipper; "you're strong as a lion, come aboard, and take a glass of grog."

"No, I'm obliged to you," said Daniel; "but if you'll walk up to my house yonder, I'll give you all a glass of wine."

"Wer-wer-wot that—big house up thar—there?" stammered the skipper.

"That is my house."

"Then you are —"

The skipper hesitated.

"Daniel Webster," said the statesman, finishing the sentence; "and whenever you are in a like dilemma, just call on the 'old chap,' and he'll bear a hand to help you out of it."

The skipper was dumb with confusion, and Daniel started off, after a brace of wild ducks, which had alighted at a distance of a few hundred yards.

This is the way Prentice compliments: "The eagle, though his home is in the mountain and the cloud, stoops sometimes to the valley. And the eagle-spirit of General Sheridan has stooped to the valley of the Shenandoah." And this is the way he reports: "The editor of the organ asks whether we wouldn't like to brain him. No, we don't think his brains are worth knocking out. We should not know what to do with them if they were knocked out, unless, as Falstaff says, 'we buttered them and threw them to the dogs for a New Year's gift;' and we apprehend that the poor quadruped would starve to death if he could get no better food."

HAIL, MARYLAND.—No merely partisan triumph could awaken the joy wherewith we announce the accession of Maryland to the sisterhood of Free States, increasing their number to twenty, and carrying their southern boundary down to the Potomac.

The new Constitution is adopted; Maryland is henceforth a free State; and the rebellion is finally driven from her borders. Let us thank God and take courage, for the end visibly approaches. Unionists everywhere! give a welcoming cheer to Free Maryland!